

# BOY COMICS

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PDC

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OCT.  
NO. 42

**CRIMEBUSTER**  
in **2**  
**COMPLETE STORIES**

LEV GLEASON, PUB., CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



YOU SWELLS  
THINK EVERY GUY  
IS YOURS FOR THE  
TAKING, BUT NOT  
THIS TIME,  
SISTER!

NOW YOUSE  
KNOW DAT AIN'T  
NICE, MISS  
GERTIE!

OH! SPLUT!  
BLUB! BLUB!  
STOP IT!

WHAT'CHA  
THINK YOU  
GAINED BY THAT  
TRICK? STOP  
HER, FEARLESS!

SSSSSS



C.B. APPEARS IN THE  
LONGEST STORY IN  
BOY COMICS'  
HISTORY!

CHARLES  
BIRO

LEV GLEASON  
PUBLICATIONS

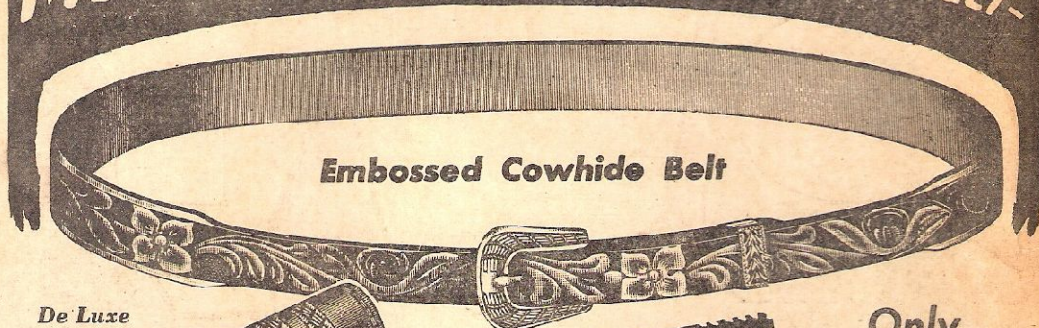




WEB COMIC  
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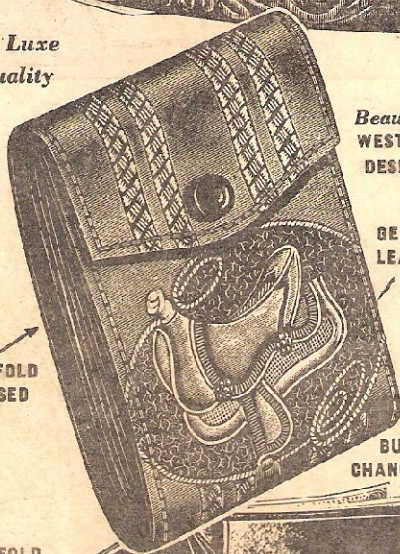


# MEN! Beautiful Matching Genuine Leather Western BILLFOLD, POCKET FLASHLIGHT and COWHIDE Western BELT.



**Embossed Cowhide Belt**

**De Luxe  
Quality**



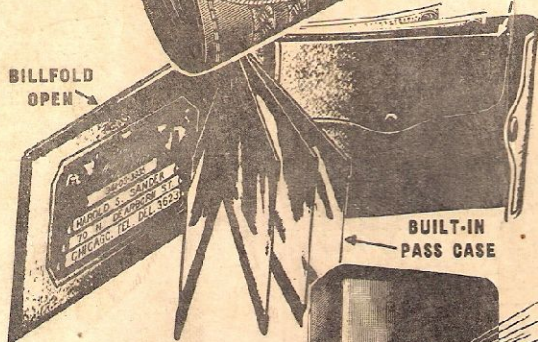
**BILLFOLD  
CLOSED**

**Beautiful  
WESTERN  
DESIGN!**

**GENUINE  
LEATHER**

**BUILT-IN  
CHANGE PURSE**

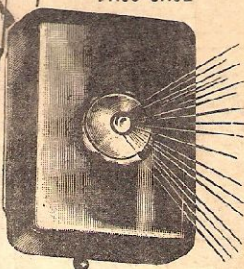
**BILLFOLD  
OPEN**



**BUILT-IN  
PASS CASE**

## **ALL-METAL POCKET FLASHLIGHT**

- Ideal for home, workshop, auto and dozens of other uses.
- Complete with batteries.
- Equipped with red plastic reflector which serves as a warning signal.



**all Three  
BELT,  
BILLFOLD  
and FLASHLIGHT  
only**

**Only  
\$2.98**

**THE BELT** Men! Go western for the smartest, most comfortable, toughest wearing belt you've ever owned. Here is a beautiful Cowhide Belt that's certain to make a big hit with every man who wants a rich looking stylish belt that will hold without linding when buckled. Look at these features! *Genuine Beautiful Antique Tan Finish*—expertly hand-stamped from end to end in Toled Spanish Design by skilled belt craftsmen; gives this Texas Beauty Belt that ultra-smart, rich appearance everyone admires. Belt comes standard width in sizes from 28 to 46 and has an all-metal buckle. Has a supporting leather strip underneath so belt can't slip.

**THE BILLFOLD** You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Western Style" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse, its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Genuine Leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Embossed illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features.

**THE FLASHLIGHT** Here's the handiest flashlight you've ever seen. Fits into vest pocket, purse or slacks. Measures only 1 1/2" wide x 2 1/4" high and can be held in palm of hand. All metal construction exclusive of fittings. Throws a clear beam of light through center opening. In addition, the plastic reflector which encircles bulb gives off a bright red glow. A flick of the finger quickly turns switch on or off as desired. Ideal for finding keys or locating light buttons in the dark, for tinkering around workshop or auto, and hundreds of other uses. Beautifully finished in dura-tone color. Complete with batteries.

**YOU TAKE NO RISK ORDERING THIS BEAUTIFUL MATCHING SET** We sincerely believe that this 3-piece Western set of belt, billfold and flashlight represents the finest value of its kind to be found anywhere. Convince yourself by comparing our low price of \$2.98 with what you would have to pay elsewhere. We're sure you'll agree that here's a beautiful matching set you can't afford to pass up. Rush your order at once and see for yourself. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If, after you receive your belt, billfold and flashlight set, you aren't more than pleased in every respect with the appearance and quality of this outstanding value, just return within 10 days and your money will be promptly refunded in full.

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1227 Loyola Ave., Chicago 26, Ill.**

☐ Send me the beautiful matching Genuine Leather Western Billfold, Pocket Flashlight and Cowhide Western Belt as pictured above. I will pay the postman on arrival only \$2.98 C.O.D. plus 22¢ Federal tax and five cents postage. I must be fully satisfied with my purchase or will return within 10 days for full refund.

This is my belt size (state your size from 28 to 46)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY  STATE

☐ To save all shipping charges I am enclosing in advance with this order \$2.98 plus 22¢ Fed. Tax (total \$3.20). Ship my set postage prepaid.

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# CRIMEBUSTER

story by  
**CHARLES BIRO**



**T**HE CRIMES OF THAT FURIOUS AND VIOLENT PERIOD OF OUR HISTORY, THE PROHIBITION ERA, FILLED MANY A POLICE BLOTTER! WHAT BECAME OF THOSE LAWLESS ELEMENTS EVER SINCE THE REPEAL OF THE PROHIBITION ACT WOULD BE AN INTERESTING STUDY! MOST OF THE DANGEROUS ONES AT ITS CLOSE, WERE EITHER SIX FEET UNDER, OR WERE STILL MAKING LITTLE STONES OUT OF BIG ONES! NOW AND THEN, SOME OF THESE FORGOTTEN OLD MEN ARE RELEASED! MOST OF THEM FIND A PEACEFUL JOB AND LIVE RESPECTABLE LIVES, VERY MUCH IN CONTRAST TO THE SWAGGERING, BULL-DOZING DESPERADOES THEY WERE! THEY NO LONGER THINK SOCIETY IS A PUSHOVER! THEY FINALLY LEARNED THEIR LESSON! THIS STORY IS ABOUT A DIE-HARD THAT EVEN TWENTY YEARS IN A DISMAL PRISON COULDN'T CURE!

*Charles Biro*

GEE, LOOVER, THAT LAST CASE WAS A LULU! WHAT A FIEND HE WAS—SOMETIMES I THINK THAT CRIMINALS ARE GETTING MORE RUTHLESS EVERY DAY!

OH, I WOULDN'T SAY THAT, C. B.! TODAY'S PUNKS COULD LEARN A THING OR TWO FROM THE SO-CALLED SMART APPLES OF TWENTY AGO!

THEY WERE SMART, ALL RIGHT—SO SMART THAT THE ONLY ONES NOT PUSHING UP DAISIES ARE ROTTING AWAY IN THE CLINK!

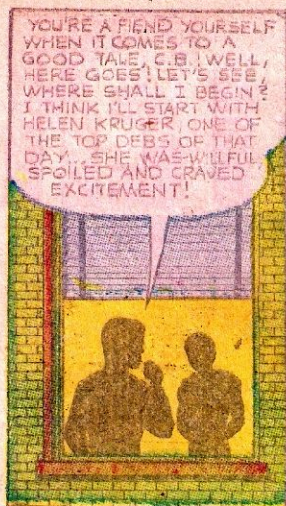
GOSH, LOOVER, HAVE YOU BEEN IN THE CRIME BUSINESS TWENTY YEARS? HOW DID YOU GET ON YOUR FIRST CASE?

THE VERY FIRST WASN'T EXACTLY MY CASE! I ONLY DID THE PAPER WORK, BUT I NEVER FORGOT IT!

IF IT IMPRESSED YOU THAT MUCH, IT MUST'VE BEEN A GOOD YARN! C'MON, LOOVER, GIVE OUT!



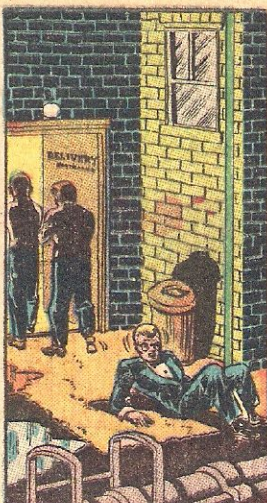
















BUGS DIDN'T LET HER DOWN, EITHER! HELEN GOT HER EXCITEMENT AND THEN SOME! SHE FOUND OUT SOON ENOUGH WHAT KIND OF A GUY SHE'D MARRIED! HOW COULD SHE HELP IT? THE PAPERS WERE FULL OF HIM! BUGS WAS RISING RAPIDLY TO THE TOP OF THE UNDERWORLD, BUT THE POLICE COULDN'T PIN ANYTHING ON HIM! IT WASN'T UNTIL A YEAR LATER, IN A SMALL WATERFRONT DIVE IN LONG BEACH...

SO I GET IN FROM CANADA WITH A BOATLOAD OF HOOTCH-REAL SCOTCH-100! PROOF AND I FIND THE COAST GUARD'S GOT THE SHORE TIED UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS PACKAGE! SO NOW NOBODY'LL TAKE THE STUFF OFF MY HANDS FOR PEANUTS! WHY SHOULD THEY- YOU'D HAVE TO BE INVISIBLE TO GET THE STUFF THROUGH, AND THEN YOU COULDN'T!

YEAH, IT'S TOUGH, ALL RIGHT, SHORTY!

IT'S A MESS! IF I COULD FIND A GUY WHO'D TAKE THE STUFF OFF MY HANDS, I'D PRACTICALLY GIVE IT AWAY! YOU DON'T KNOW ANYONE WHO'D BE INTERESTED, DO YOU?

I MIGHT!



















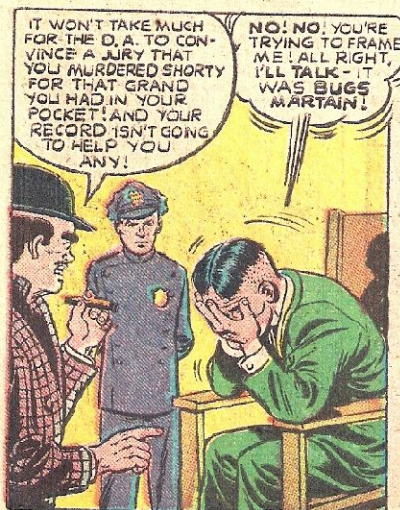




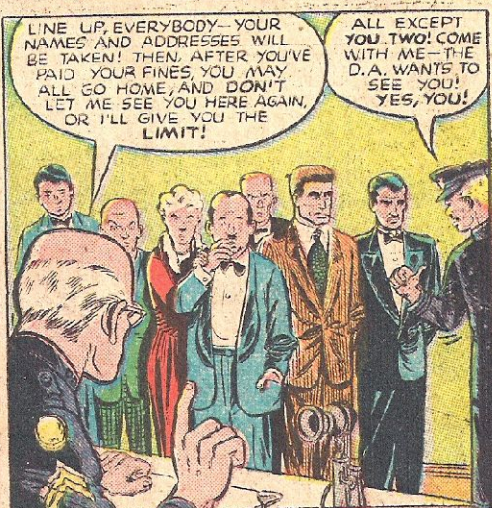




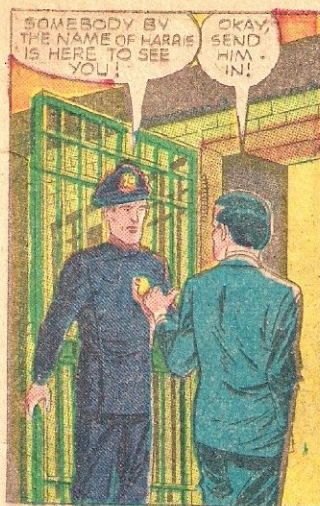












SOMEBODY BY THE NAME OF HARRIS IS HERE TO SEE YOU!

OKAY, SEND HIM IN!



WELL, YOU CERTAINLY TOOK YOUR TIME GETTING HERE! HOW ABOUT IT - AM I SPRUNG?

THERE'S NO SPRING FOR YOU THIS TIME, BUGS! THEY HAVE TOO MUCH ON YOU! YOU'LL HAVE TO STAND TRIAL FOR THE MURDER OF SHORTY. THIS ISN'T LIKE THE OTHER TIMES, WHEN THE POLICE KNEW YOU DID SOMETHING, BUT COULDN'T PROVE IT! THEY HAVE PLENTY ON YOU THIS TIME!

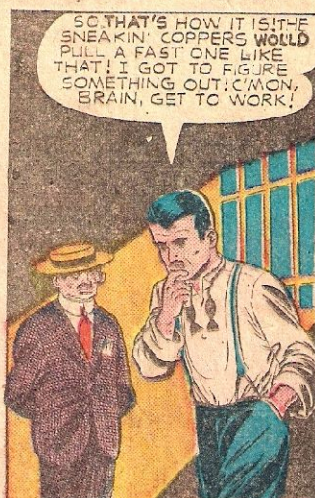


THE D.A. HAS A SWORN STATEMENT FROM NIBS BRANDON - I SAW IT, AND YOU MAY AS WELL FACE IT NOW, BUGS, UNLESS THERE IS SOME WAY OF STOPPING NIBS FROM TESTIFYING AGAINST YOU IN COURT, YOUR GOOSE IS COCKED!

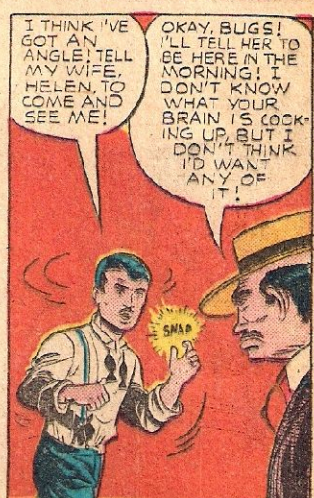


I'LL STOP HIM, I'LL HAVE ONE OF MY BOYS BUMP HIM OFF!

YOU'RE CRAZY! THE POLICE ARE HOLDING HIM AS A MATERIAL WITNESS AND WON'T LET ANYONE NEAR HIM TILL AFTER THE TRIAL!



SO THAT'S HOW IT IS! THE SNEAKIN' COPPERS WOULD PULL A FAST ONE LIKE THAT! I GOT TO FIGURE SOMETHING OUT! C'MON, BRAIN, GET TO WORK!



I THINK I'VE GOT AN ANGLE! TELL MY WIFE, HELEN, TO COME AND SEE ME!

OKAY, BUGS! I'LL TELL HER TO BE HERE IN THE MORNING! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR BRAIN IS COCKING UP, BUT I DON'T THINK I'D WANT ANY OF IT!



HELLO, BUGS. MR. HARRIS TOLD ME ALL ABOUT IT! OH, BUGS, THE WHOLE TERRIBLE STORY IS IN THE PAPERS! BUGS, DID YOU KILL THAT MAN?

FUNNY, BUT THAT'S JUST WHAT THE D.A. WANTS TO KNOW! I DIDN'T ASK YOU HERE FOR YOU TO CROSS EXAMINE ME! THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT YOU TO DO! YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I CAN TRUST, - OR ARE YOU?



HERE, I WANT YOU TO GO TO THE COUNTY BANK AND OPEN MY SAFE DEPOSIT BOX WITH THIS KEY, TAKE OUT THE FIFTY GRAND YOU'LL FIND THERE! I'LL WRITE A NOTE FOR YOU, SO THE BANK PEOPLE WILL LET YOU OPEN THE BOX!



THEN FIND A WAY TO VISIT A CERTAIN NIBS BRANDON THAT THE COPPERS ARE HOLDING HERE! GIVE HIM THE DOUGH AND TELL HIM TO SAY THE COPS BEAT HIM TO MAKE HIM TALK - THAT HE ONLY SAID WHAT HE DID TO MAKE THEM STOP! HE'S THEIR ONLY HOPE! WITHOUT HIM, THE BULLS AIN'T GOT A CASE AGAINST ME!





OH, WHAT SHOULD I DO? IF I GET THE MONEY AND GIVE IT TO BRANDON, AS BUGS WANTS ME TO DO, BUGS WILL GO FREE TO MAKE A GANGSTER... A MURDERER OF OUR SON! IF I DON'T DO AS HE ASKS, LITTLE TOMMY AND I CAN GO AWAY AND CHANGE OUR NAMES AND TOMMY COULD GROW UP LIKE ANY OTHER NORMAL BOY!



HAVE YOU SPOKEN TO HELEN? DID SHE GET TO SEE NIBS YET? YOU KNOW MY TRIAL COMES UP IN TWO DAYS! WHAT GOES ON HERE?

THE TRUTH IS, I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND HER!



THE STATE WILL PROVE TO YOU BEYOND A SHADOW OF DOUBT THAT BUGS MARTAIN DID WILLFULLY AND WITH FORETHOUGHT MURDER THE... SAID SHORTY NICOTIA!



THE STATE WILL CALL TO THE STAND ITS FIRST WITNESS—NIBS BRANDON!

WHERE'S HELEN? DID SHE GET TO NIBS?

I DON'T KNOW! SHE ISN'T IN THE COURT ROOM! I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE HER SINCE I SPOKE TO YOU LAST!



TELL US IN YOUR OWN WORDS EXACTLY WHAT TOOK PLACE ON THE DAY OF SHORTY NICOTIA'S MURDER!

WELL, IT WAS LIKE THIS, SEE—ME AND SHORTY WAS IN MULLIGAN'S, THAT'S A REFRESHMENT-LIKE PLACE! SHORTY GETS TO TELL ME ABOUT THIS TUBFULL OF STUFF HE CAN'T SMUGGLE IN... I MEAN UNLOAD!



AND I TELL HIM THAT FOR A SMALL FEE, THAT'S LEGAL, AN' IT'S... I'LL INTRODUCE HIM TO THIS BUGS CHARACTER, WHO WILL NO DOUBT BE GLAD TO DO BUSINESS WITH HIM! WE SHAKE ON IT, AN' I THEN TAKE HIM TO BUGS' SPEAK... I MEAN CLUB!



BUGS AN' SHORTY TALK IT OVER—THEN BUGS PAYS...

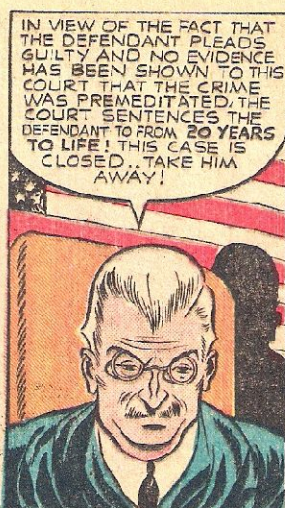
NIBS! WAIT! DON'T SAY ANY MORE! I'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED! THAT DIRTY WIFE OF MINE DIDN'T GO TO SEE YOU, BUT...



BLUB-BLUB-

YOU FOOL! NOW YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

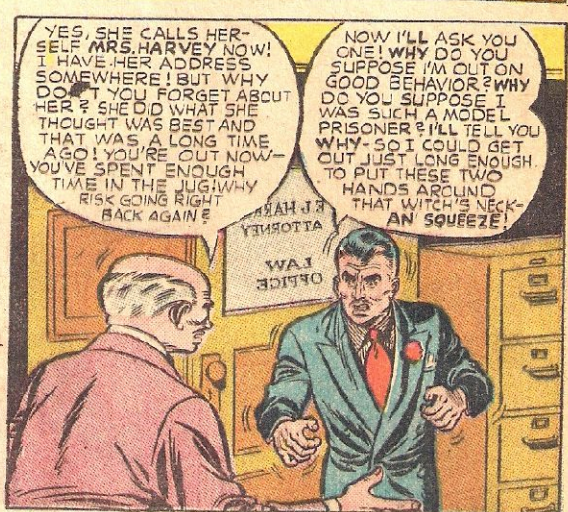
















THEN I THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU LEARNED A FEW THINGS, TOMMY! YOUR FATHER IS STILL LIVING—YOUR MOTHER TOOK YOU AWAY FROM HIM, OUT OF SHEER SPITE, WHEN YOU WERE JUST A LITTLE TOT!

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU'RE SAYING ABOUT MY MOTHER! SHE WOULDN'T DO SUCH A FOUL THING!



SHE DID, AND ONLY BECAUSE YOUR FATHER LIKED HAVING A GOOD TIME, AND SHE COULDN'T STAND TO SEE THAT! I SHOULD KNOW, TOMMY, BECAUSE I AM YOUR FATHER!



YOU'RE MY FATHER? I DON'T GET IT! YOU MEAN ALL THESE YEARS MY MOTHER LIED TO ME?

YES, TOMMY, YOUR REAL NAME ISN'T HARVEY! IT'S MARTAIN, AND JUST TO PROVE IT, HAS SHE EVER SHOWED YOU YOUR BIRTH CERTIFICATE?



NOW THAT I'VE FOUND YOU AFTER SEARCHING FOR YOU FOR TWENTY YEARS, I'D LIKE US TO HAVE THE CHANCE OF GETTING TO KNOW ONE ANOTHER! SO SUPPOSE YOU SAY NOTHING OF MY LITTLE VISIT TO YOUR MOTHER! DROP IN TOMORROW AT THE LA DELL HOTEL AND WE'LL TALK THIS OVER FURTHER!



OH, BABY! THIS IS GONNA BE A BETTER WAY TO GET BACK AT HELEN, THAN KILLING HER! AFTER I WIN OVER THE KID, I'LL FIX IT SO HE GOES WHERE SHE PUT ME FOR 20 YEARS—BEHIND BARS!



ONE WEEK LATER!

THAT'S THAT! WHY IS IT MY HORSE ALWAYS COMES IN LAST?

THAT KIND OF LUCK CAN'T GO ON FOREVER! HERE, KID, TAKE THIS AN' PUT IT ON SOMETHING IN THE NEXT RACE!



TWO WEEKS LATER!

CLEANED AGAIN! I HAVE THE WORST DARNED LUCK!

HERE, USE THESE, KID!

OH, NO, I'VE DROPPED A HUNDRED OF YOUR MONEY ALREADY!



FORGET IT! THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM! HERE, TAKE 'EM!

YOU SEEM TO HAVE ALL THE MONEY IN THE WORLD, POP! YOU KNOW, YOU'VE NEVER TOLD ME WHAT BUSINESS YOU'RE IN!



I MADE MY PILE YEARS AGO! YOU MIGHT SAY I'VE BEEN RETIRED EVER 'SINCE! SOME DAY I MIGHT SHOW YOU HOW I DID IT! C'MON, LET'S GET A DRINK!





ANY SQUAWKS FROM YOUR OLD LADY ABOUT YOU BEING AWAY FROM HOME SO MUCH SINCE YOU'VE BEEN SEEN ME?

NOT YET—BUT WHO CARES IF SHE DOES? EVER SINCE I FOUND OUT WHAT SHE DID TO A SWELL GUY LIKE YOU, I DON'T GIVE A HOOTIN' HOWL WHAT SHE HAS TO SAY! HEY, BARTENDER, FILL 'ER UP!

I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU, TOM! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S COME OVER YOU LATELY! YOU'RE NOT A BIT LIKE MY SON ANYMORE! WHY, I EVEN GET THE FEELING THAT YOU HATE ME FOR SOME REASON! WHAT IS IT, TOMMY—WHAT'S HAPPENING?

NOTHING—EXCEPT I'M HAVING A LITTLE FUN FOR A CHANGE—SOMETHING YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND!

BUT I'VE NEVER STOPPED YOU FROM HAVING FUN!

NO—NOT THE NAMEY-FAMBY KIND, BUT I DON'T GO IN FOR THAT STUFF ANY MORE! I CRAVE REAL EXCITEMENT—AND YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW IT NOW! I'M LEAVING HERE FOR GOOD! I'VE FOUND OUT HOW YOU KEPT ME AWAY FROM MY FATHER ALL THESE YEARS! YOU LIAR!



YOU'RE NOTHIN' BUT AN OLD HYPOCRITE! JUST BECAUSE YOU NEVER WANTED ANY FUN, DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN STOP OTHER PEOPLE!

SLAM



WELL, DAD, I'VE MOVED OVER TO YOUR SIDE FOR GOOD!

NOW YOU'RE COOKING! REMEMBER, I SAID I'D SHOW YOU SOME TIME HOW I MADE MY FORTUNE! WELL, THIS IS THE KEY TO MY SUCCESS! HERE—I WANT YOU TO HAVE IT!



A GUN? I DON'T GET IT, POP, AND I DON'T LIKE IT! IT'S NOT MY KIND OF A TOY! I'M GOING OUT FOR A WALK! I HAVE SOMETHING I WANT TO THINK ABOUT!

I MADE A MISTAKE—I'LL HAVE TO BE MORE CAREFUL HEREAFTER!

MY BOY, I DON'T WANT YOU TO THINK I'VE EVER USED A GUN! I JUST MEANT I HAD A FACTORY WHICH PRODUCED THEM DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR!



WELL, SQUEEKS, LET'S HOPE, AT LONG LAST, WE'VE REALLY LOCATED MRS. MARTAIN!



MRS. MARTAIN, I'M FROM THE D.A.'S OFFICE! I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU FOR WEEKS! I'M AFRAID I COME WITH BAD TIDINGS! YOUR HUSBAND BUGS MARTAIN, IS OUT OF JAIL!

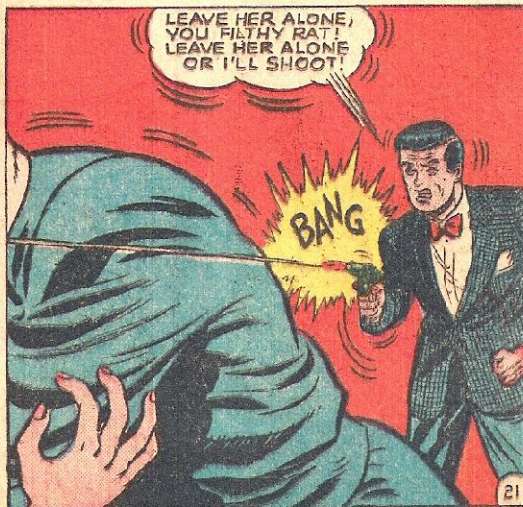
YES, I KNOW HE IS, AND IF YOU WERE FEARING FOR MY LIFE, YOU NEEDN'T BOTHER! HE'S DONE MORE THAN KILL ME—HE'S TAKEN MY SON FROM ME, AND LEFT ME WITH NOTHING TO LIVE FOR!



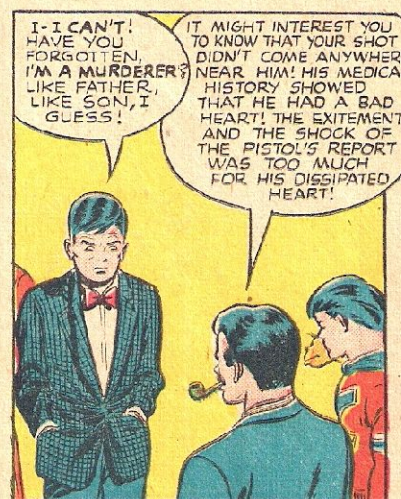
YOUNG MAN—TELL ME, PLEASE! DO YOU KNOW WHERE BUGS IS STAYING? PERHAPS, IF YOU WOULD TAKE ME TO HIM, I COULD MAKE HIM GIVE ME BACK MY BOY!

IT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO FIND OUT WHERE YOUR HUSBAND IS! IF YOU JUST LET ME USE YOUR PHONE, I'LL CHECK WITH THE PAROLE BOARD!











THIS IS YOUR PAGE  
**WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?**  
**\$2<sup>00</sup> FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$2<sup>00</sup>**

Dear Reader:

In every issue of **BOY COMICS** this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of **BOY COMICS** we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

I am the president of the Current Events Club. All current happenings are discussed during a free period at school every day. At one of our recent club meetings, we were discussing juvenile delinquency. Sixty-one members of our club voted on the thing(s) they thought helped check delinquency. **BOY**, **DAREDEVIL** and **CRIME DOES NOT PAY** comics topped the list.

Yours truly, Billy O'Neal.  
Route 1, Box 180  
Gulfport, Mississippi

I just finished reading your No. 39 issue of **BOY** comics. You deserve more than praise for publishing such a great comic book. It certainly teaches the American youth that crime and greed don't pay.

I recommend **BOY** comics for all.

Yours, Cpl. Bob Kohn  
Trailer No. 16569  
Pine Grove Trailer Park  
Camp LeJeune, N. C.

When I reached the age of sixteen, I thought my comic book days were over. But I cannot stop reading **BOY** comics or any magazine that has Charles Biro's name on it. The reason for this is that Mr. Biro's stories are real—they can happen to the guy next door, or to

you. Unlike most magazines, they all have a wonderful moral to them.

Truly, Bernice Haimowitz  
157A Taylor Street  
Brooklyn 11, New York

I am a housewife and I read **BOY** comics every time it comes out because it is a grand magazine. Every boy and girl should read these interesting stories. I'm certainly going to encourage my son to read it when he gets older.

Mrs. James Cox  
9114 Neff Road  
Clio, Michigan

Each month I manage to read **BOY** comics magazine, for this is the one comic I allow in our home. It contains the important features which constitute a successful mag., such as a good purpose, good stories and good artwork.

I am grateful for this publication because I know it will help my children to grow intelligently.

Sincerely, P. J. Muta  
168 Myrtle Avenue  
Buffalo 4, New York

**BOY** comics is an outstanding publication in a shoddy field because of its realistic drawings, high ideals and interesting stories.

A fan, Richard Riker  
Phillips Academy  
Andover, Massachusetts

Please try to limit letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., and we reserve the right to edit same. Address all letters to **BOY COMICS**, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.



# WACKY TRACK

OKAY, TAKE A RUN AT THE POLE VAULT BAR!

BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME, OTTO!

BEG PARDON! COULD YOU GIVE ME DOCTOR KILDARE'S ADDRESS?

CRASH!

GET SET-GO!

BANG!

SEVEN, COME ELEVEN!

I HOPE THIS RACE ISN'T CROOKED!

YOUR SMOOTH CHIN IS SURE TO WIN

NO CUTS TO BRAVE

WITH BRUSH & SHAVE

HAMMER THROW

SHOT PUT

I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET OUR NEW PARTNER IN THE RELAY RACE!

WE HAD TO USE A CHAIN! NO TAPE!

ARE YOU READY FOR THE OBSTACLE RACE?

OBSTACLE RACE

HOW I STOP

JAVELIN THROW

STOP

FINISH

11

7

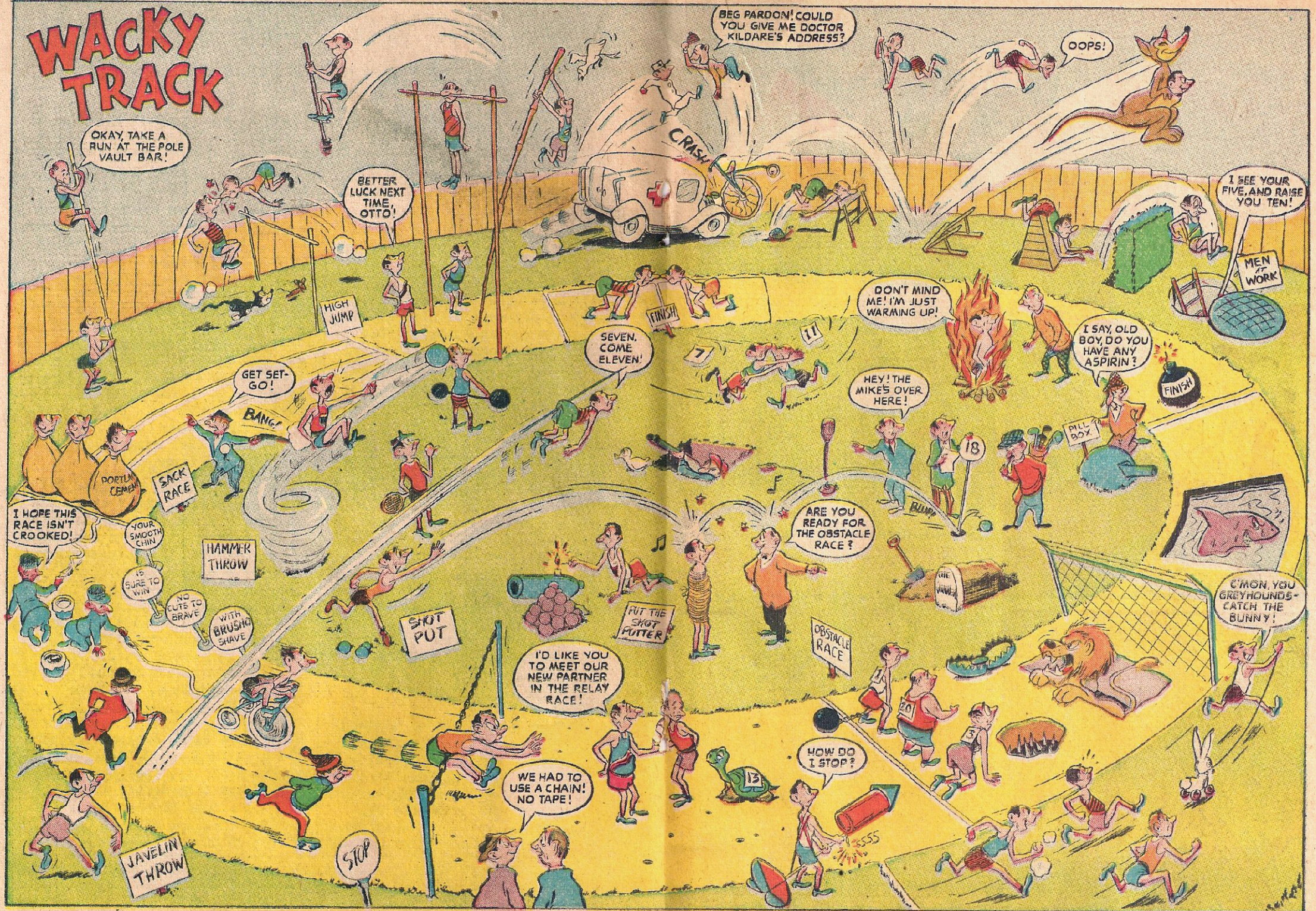
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HIT THE SHOT PUTTER

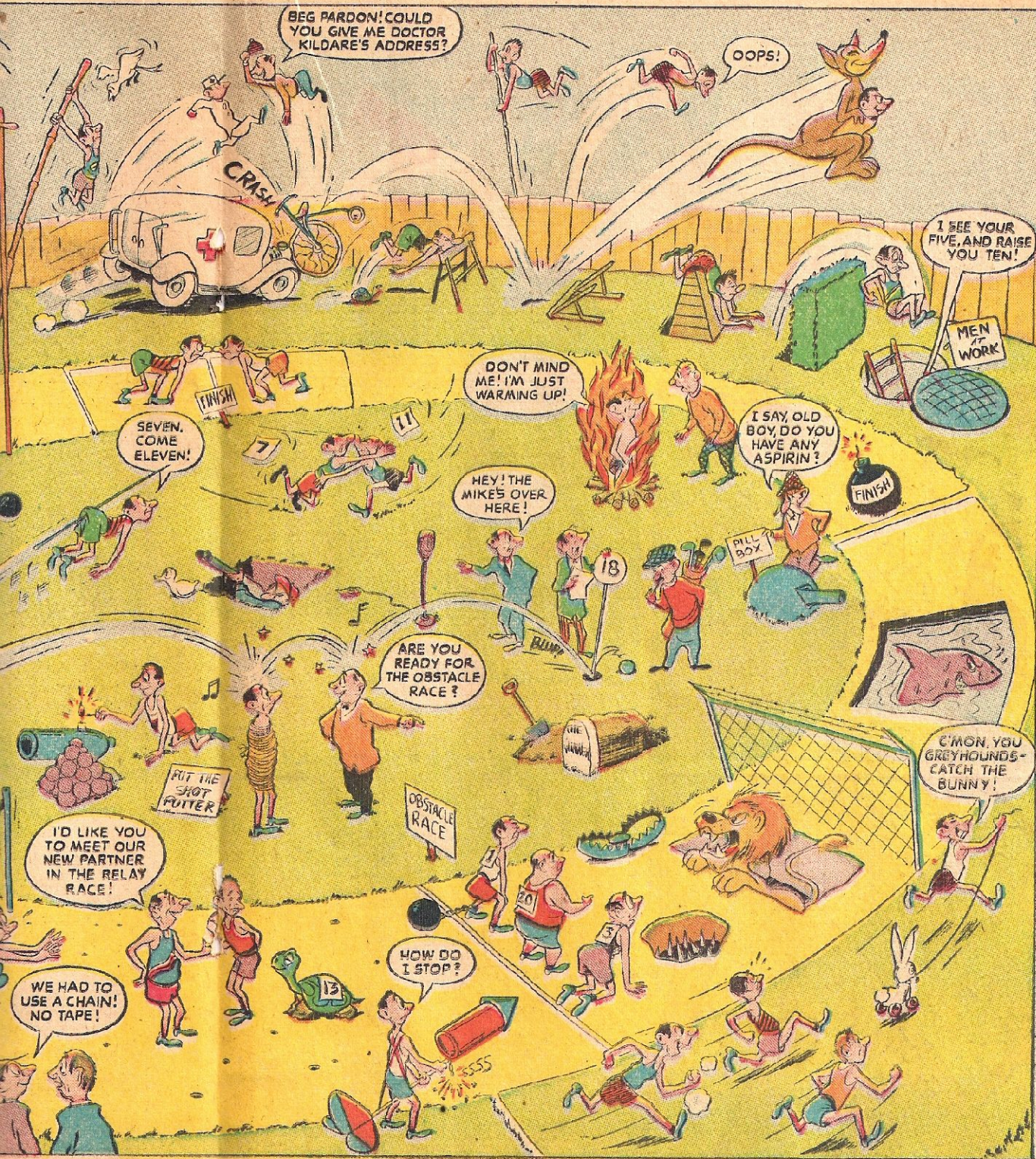
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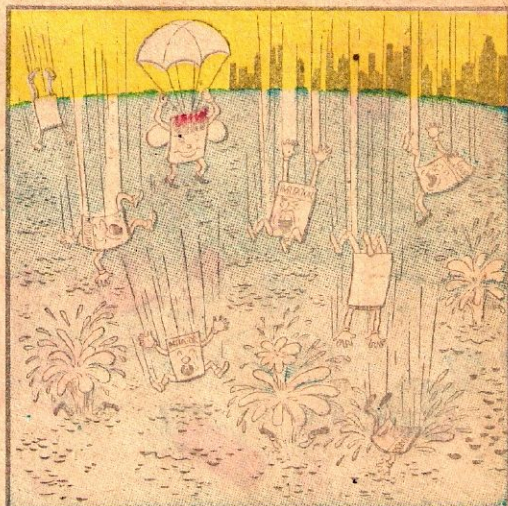
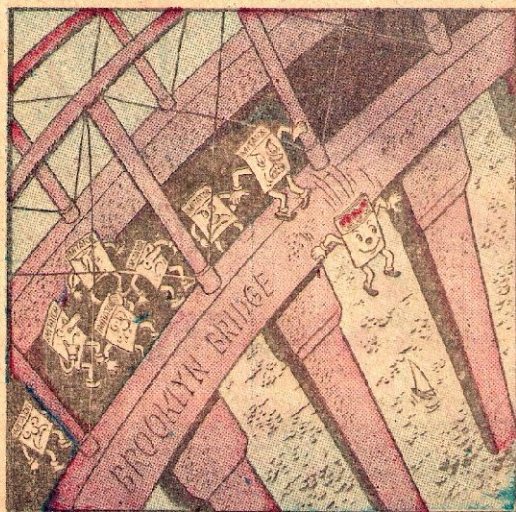
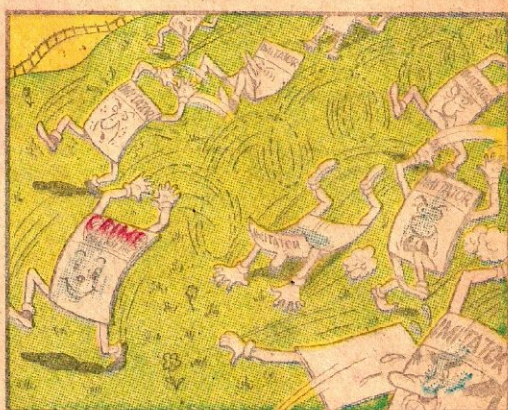
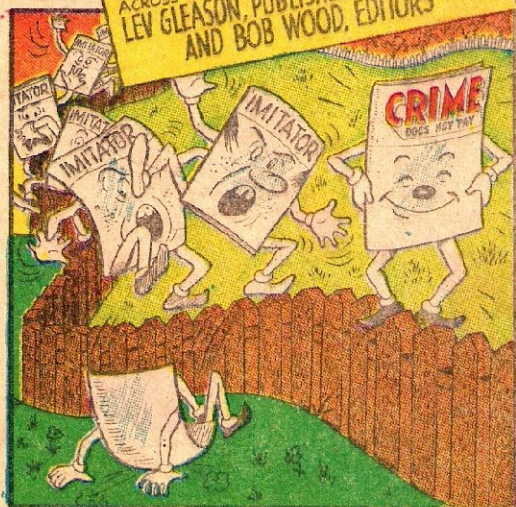
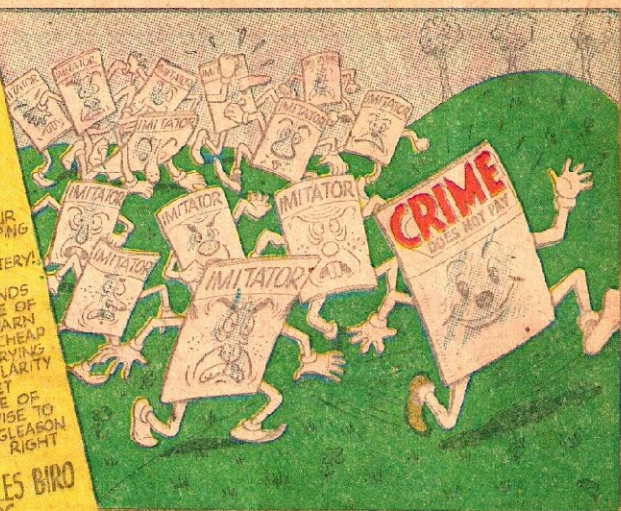
TO OUR READERS:

# WARNING- BEWARE OF IMITATORS!

LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS HAVE ALWAYS BEEN LEADERS IN THEIR FIELD! **CRIME DOES NOT PAY** HAS FOR YEARS BEEN THE LEADING MAGAZINE IN COMICS! **CRIME AND PUNISHMENT** HAS FOUND MILLIONS OF NEW FRIENDS! **BOY COMICS** AND **DAREDEVIL COMICS** ARE AMONG THE MOST POPULAR IN AMERICA TODAY AND OUR NEW TRUE WESTERN, **DESPERADO**, IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY!

IMITATION IS THE HIGHEST FORM OF FLATTERY! EVERY TIME WE BRING OUT A NEW IDEA, IMITATORS SWARM AROUND THE NEWSSTANDS LIKE BEES AROUND HONEYUCKLE! SOME OF THESE IMITATIONS ARE FAIR! BUT WE WARN OUR READERS AGAINST THE FLOOD OF CHEAP AND SHODDY MAGAZINES WHICH ARE TRYING TO LATCH ON TO THE ENORMOUS POPULARITY OF OUR FIVE PUBLICATIONS! DON'T GET STUCK WITH A POOR IMITATION OF ONE OF OUR COMICS! PUT YOUR FRIENDS WISE TO THE FACT THAT EVERY GENUINE **LEV GLEASON PUBLICATION** CARRIES THESE WORDS RIGHT ACROSS THE FRONT COVER—

**LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER-CHARLES BIRD AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS**



**PUNLEESE** DON'T CONFUSE **CRIME DOES NOT PAY** WITH ANY OTHER MAGAZINE—ANYWAY, WE DON'T SEE HOW YOU COULD!



# ICE IN HIS BLOOD

## A CRIMEBUSTER STORY

CLUB 99 had a marquee over its entrance and a thousand electric bulbs around its doorway. Half a block down the street, Lieutenant Walsh and *Crimebuster* stood next to a light pole without a light on it. Shadows shrouded the entire sidewalk from the club to the next corner, where an arc lamp on another pole cast a dim circle of light on the street. The club's obscure setting, among dirty brick warehouses, was for effect.

"'Ice' Berg used to come here," Walsh said. "Now that he's out on parole he may show up again. I'm banking on it. I'd like to help you, but Berg knows everyone on the force."

*Crimebuster* nodded thoughtfully. "'Ice' Berg," he said at last. "I suppose that label stuck to him because of the cold, ruthless way he operates."

Walsh peered nervously up the dimly-lit street. Pinpoints of light appeared, and turned into taxi headlamps. "The newspapers gave Tony Berg that name, partly because he killed Horace Wayne for the Wayne matched diamonds, worth half a million, but mostly because of Berg's eyes. You'll know what I mean if you ever tangle with him."

"I remember the case," *Crimebuster* told Walsh. "You never did get the diamonds back, did you?"

"'Ice' swore he didn't have them," Walsh answered. "Even the lie detector we used on him proved useless. 'Ice' has no nerves, no emotions."

Again Walsh glanced up the road. Three taxis were approaching, travelling in line. "The most we ever got 'Ice' for was evasion of his income tax. We never could hang Wayne's murder on him, or anyone else's for that matter. And we're positive he's killed at least six men, three of them cops."

*Crimebuster* whistled under his breath. "No wonder you don't want him to suspect you're tailing him, Walsh." The youthful scourge of criminals looked down at his white shirtfront, his black dress trousers, his patent leather shoes. "Say, will I pass in this monkey suit?"

Walsh slapped *Crimebuster* on the shoulder. "You're perfect!"

Up the street, the three taxis stopped in front of Club 99. Several men and women, in formal

dress, got out of the cabs. All but one man walked to the club's entrance. The remaining man spoke to the cabbies. Walsh grabbed *Crimebuster* by the arm. "That's 'Ice' now!"

"Why, he looks just like a big country boy!"

Berg turned from the taxis and walked slowly toward the club. Walsh moved back into the shadows and drew *Crimebuster* close to him. "I've got to leave. Good luck. You have a rod?"

*Crimebuster* shook his head. "From what I've heard about 'Ice' Berg, I don't think a gun would be much use to me. Anyway, I'm just checking on him, you know. I don't expect any action." As he walked away, *Crimebuster* said over his shoulder, "Take care of Squeaks till I get back!" But Walsh had disappeared into the darkness.

*Crimebuster* strolled toward Club 99. As he approached, he glanced out of the corner of his eye at a dirt-smudged warehouse window. His top hat, his black topcoat and white scarf were reflected dimly. He pushed open the swinging doors of the club and went inside. Near the hat-check room the lights were dimmed, but through the two round glass panes high on the doors of the main clubroom, *Crimebuster* could see that the bright ceiling lights were on inside.

Suddenly a gun was pressed hard against *Crimebuster's* back. He tensed, half turning, as he saw a six foot muscle-man in a tuxedo.

"Keep your mitts high and move inside," the thug ordered.

*Crimebuster* followed instructions. If this was one of Berg's henchmen, his taking a stand now could spoil any chance *Crimebuster* might have of getting the drop on Berg.

Inside the main room, the patrons were lined up facing the pine-panelled wall, their hands above their heads. Berg stood casually in the center of the room, as unmoving as a statue. In his right hand he gripped an automatic. From the corner of his lips hung a cigarette, the smoke curling lazily around his head. Beside him stood a nondescript, slightly-built thug, also holding a gun.

Working swiftly from each end of the line, two henchmen frisked the victims with professional ease. With them was a girl in a strapless evening dress, who put the take into an improvised bag, made of the scarf she had worn over her hair.



"Ice" did not turn his head when *Crimebuster* entered, but called to the muscle-man, "Keep Walsh's dick covered. I'll get to him when this is over."

*Crimebuster* caught his breath. Berg already had him spotted. At that moment, the nerve-racking stillness was pierced by the angry scream of a victim, as Berg's man started to lift his wallet. The man twisted away, grabbed his money, and started for the door. Berg fired, and the man stumbled forward, dead before he hit the floor. "In case any of you have similar ideas," Berg drawled, "let that be a warning."

In a surge of fury, *Crimebuster* lurched forward. "Ice" Berg turned to face him. *Crimebuster* stopped short, remembering that he was unarmed, and decided that caution was the better part of valor. Suddenly, something surprising happened. Berg's gun had been smoking, a thin trail of powder smoke rising from the barrel. But now, *Crimebuster* realized, the slender henchman held the smoking gun, and in Berg's hand was an unsmoking, unfired weapon.

That change of guns had taken place right before *Crimebuster's* eyes, and yet he had not seen the swap! And now, though he himself was sure, he realized that he could not prove that Berg had even fired the weapon. *Crimebuster* began to feel a strange awe for the very deviltry of the crook. If he lived through this episode, which was doubtful, he was going to have to use more brains and courage to meet Berg on his own ground than he ever before had needed.

Berg spoke in a slow, country drawl, and his voice, except for its sharp, razor-edged tenseness, was not unpleasant. "You ain't goin' anywhere, dick," he said.

*Crimebuster*, looking at the killer, knew why the name "Ice" had been hung on Berg. In the stress of the moment, Berg's pale green eyes faded into their whites, and the whites themselves took on a crystal appearance that looked for all the world as if Berg saw, not through eyes, but rather through a pair of ice cubes, set in cold gray sockets.

"I don't like to be stared at, dick," Berg went on. "And I have a special hate for cops." His trigger finger moved.

"Where do you get that 'dick' stuff?" *Crimebuster* asked suddenly. "I'm on the same side you are, and I can prove it. I want to join up with you, Berg."

A sneer curled the killer's lip. "Don't be funny, dick. That line won't save your neck. I saw you outside with Walsh!"

*Crimebuster* shrugged. "Oh, him! Walsh is a nosy flatfoot! He thought I was walking off a bingie. I let him think so."

Berg's finger eased just slightly on the trigger. "I'll kill you if you're lying! Prove it."

"Suppose I produce the Wayne diamonds?" *Crimebuster* asked.

Berg's face turned pasty green. He said to the nondescript crook beside him, "Search that guy!"

The deft fingers of the little thief went over *Crimebuster's* coat. He whipped a knife from his pocket and sliced the lining of *Crimebuster's* dress suit. A black box came out. Inside, six perfect sparklers glittered in the light.

"I knew you never got them, because I had them," said *Crimebuster*. "You killed Wayne, but you didn't get the rocks."

Berg's gun arm dropped. The crook bent close for inspection. Then his head came up. "You liar," he snarled.

But *Crimebuster* had moved like a streak of lightning, grabbing Berg and swinging him about. Both the friskers blasted, but *Crimebuster* was holding Berg so that the killer took the slugs. As *Crimebuster* let Berg slump, he hauled the nondescript one in front of him. With a mighty heave, he threw the little guy at the muscle-men.

A bedlam of screams and cries broke loose. Some of the patrons dived under the tables, others ran. The dress suit came off the youngster with the flailing fists. The red, white and blue uniform of *Crimebuster* gave the patrons courage, threw the fear of death into the crooks. They squealed like cornered rats.

"Someone call for the wagon!" yelled *Crimebuster*.

Later, at headquarters, Walsh asked, "But the Wayne diamonds, *Crimebuster*? Where in the ..."

"Phonies," replied *Crimebuster*. "I learned from the executor of the estate that the rocks had never been stolen. That meant Berg would be broke when he got out of jail. I had the fakes made, thinking I could fool Berg into showing his hand some time. Berg recognized the trick right away, but they were enough to get his guard down."

Walsh wiped his brow. "I thought you'd borrowed the real ones. The estate didn't let on that the stones hadn't been stolen. When Berg killed Wayne he found an empty case. He thought Borin, his trigger man, had lifted them. Borin hasn't been seen since. I wanted to tell you, but I had to get permission from the executor. He was away, and I didn't think you and Berg would come to a showdown so soon."

"The executor got back this morning," replied *Crimebuster*. "It was he who gave me the imitations."

"Look, *Crimebuster*," Walsh said, "my nerves could stand a cup of coffee. How about it? I've been driven near nuts tryin' to keep Squeaks quiet while you were away."

THE END



# CRIMEBUSTER

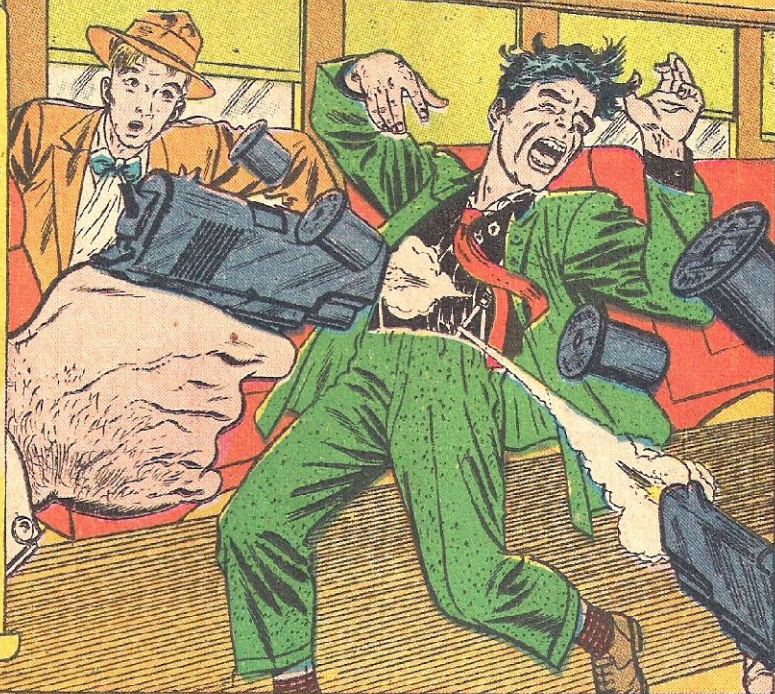
story by  
**CHARLES  
BIRO**

**T**HERE ARE VARYING DEGREES OF ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE! THE AMOUNT OF INTELLIGENCE AN ANIMAL HAS IS NATURALLY DEPENDENT UPON—FIRST, THE SIZE AND PATTERN OF THE BRAIN, AND SECOND, ON ITS DEGREE OF DEVELOPMENT! THIS IS AN OUTWARD EVALUATION, HOWEVER! TO BE MORE SPECIFIC, THERE ARE VARYING DEGREES OF INTELLIGENCE WITHIN PARTICULAR SPECIES!

IN THE BROAD SENSE, EVEN THE MOST INTELLIGENT ANIMAL CAN ONLY LEARN FROM EXPERIENCE! THE PRECIOUS ABILITY TO LEARN FROM OTHERS' EXPERIENCES IS RESERVED FOR HUMANS! IT'S A PITY THAT THERE ARE THOSE WHO WILL NOT MAKE USE OF ONE OF OUR GREATEST ADVANTAGES—THOSE FOOLS WHO, IN THE FACE OF SIMPLE FACTS, WON'T ACCEPT A WORD OF ADVICE, BUT HOPELESSLY STRUGGLE TO FIND OUT FOR THEMSELVES ONE OF THE BOLDEST AND GREATEST TRUTHS—THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

*Charles Biro*

Drawn by ROY & BELFI







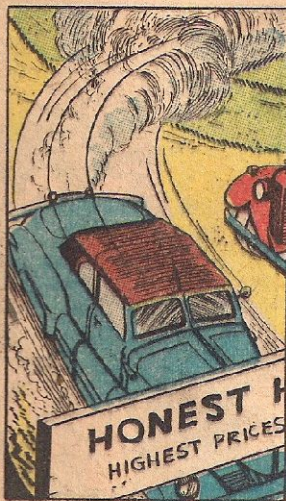




















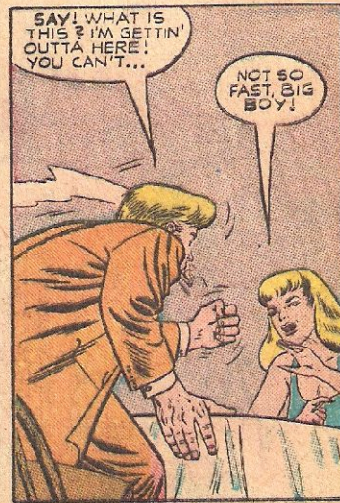




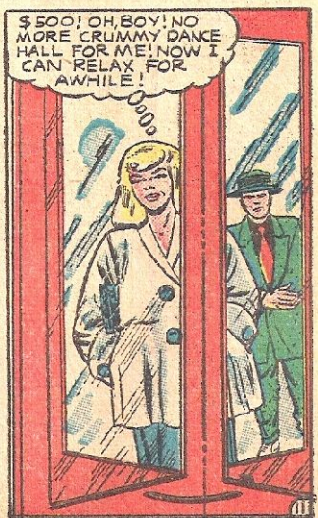




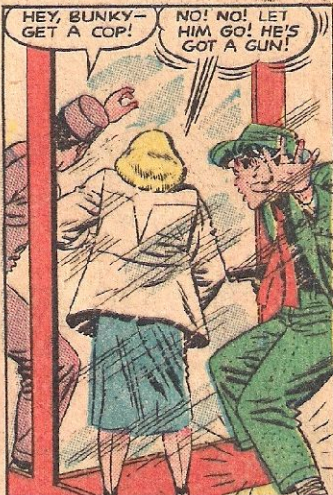




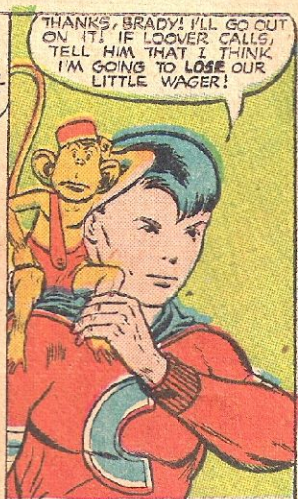
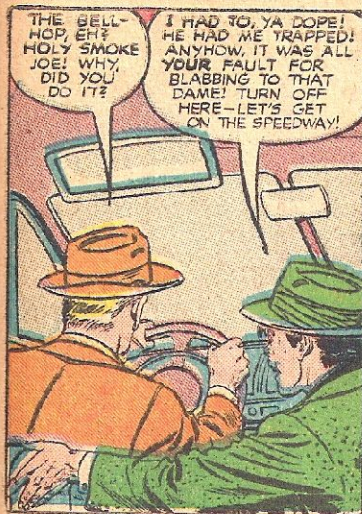




















IN THE FIRST PLACE, YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR EXTORTION AND OBSTRUCTING JUSTICE, AND SECONDLY, WE HAVEN'T CAUGHT THEM YET! THAT WAS JUST A TRICK TO MAKE YOU TALK!





BILLY'S NOT IN TROUBLE, IS HE? HE'S WORRIED ME A LOT LATELY! FIRST IT WAS LYING, THEN STAYING OUT LATE AND NOT TELLING ME WHO HIS FRIENDS WERE, OR WHERE HE'S BEEN... BUT THIS LAST TIME IS THE FIRST TIME HE EVER STAYED OUT ALL NIGHT!



IF HE'S THE BOY WE'RE AFTER, HE IS IN TROUBLE... BAD TROUBLE! BUT THE SOONER WE CATCH HIM THE BETTER IT WILL BE FOR HIM! DO YOU HAVE A RECENT PICTURE OF HIM I COULD USE?

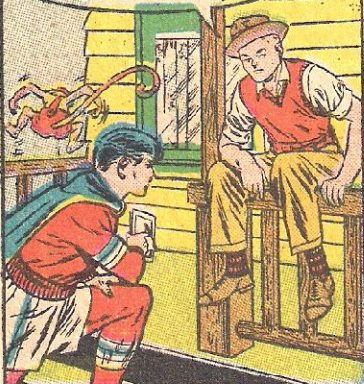


DO YOU KNOW WHO ANY OF HIS FRIENDS WERE, ESPECIALLY A SHORT, DARK BOY NAMED JOE?

NO, HE NEVER BROUGHT ANY OF HIS FRIENDS HOME. ALTHOUGH I WISHED HE WOULD! MAYBE DONALD, THE BOY NEXT DOOR, COULD HELP YOU! HE AND BILLY USED TO BE GOOD FRIENDS!



SURE, I KNOW THE FELLOW YOU MEAN! JOE BRANDER! HE AND BILLY GOT TO PALIN' AROUND A LOT THESE LAST FEW MONTHS! THAT'S WHY BILLY AND I QUIT SEEN' EACH OTHER!



JOE'S JUST PLAIN NO GOOD! I TRIED TO TELL BILLY THAT AND HE GOT SORE AT ME! I STILL DON'T SEE WHAT HE SAW IN HIM! THE GUYS BEEN IN THE STATE REFORM SCHOOL TWICE, AND HE WAS ALWAYS PULLING CROOKED DEALS! BILLY ISN'T HIS KIND, BUT SOMEHOW HE LOOKED UP TO JOE!



SO JOE WAS IN REFORM SCHOOL! THAT MEANS I CAN GET A PICTURE OF HIM, TOO! THANKS DON, YOU'VE HELPED ME A LOT!

GOSH I HOPE BILLY ISN'T GOING TO GET IN TROUBLE! I LIKE THE GUY!



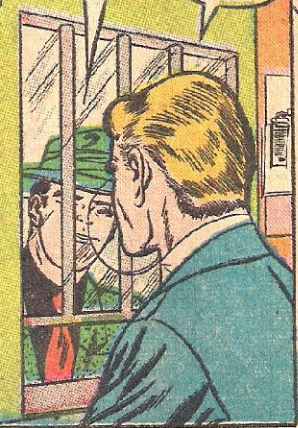
YOU'VE BEEN UP ALL NIGHT, HAVEN'T YOU? TIME'S RUNNING SHORT, C.B. YOU'VE ONLY THREE HOURS LEFT TO WIN YOUR BET AND WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO GET SOME SLEEP?

THERE'S STILL A CHANCE! THE PHOTO LAB HAS RUN OFF COPIES OF THOSE PICTURES TO DISTRIBUTE TO ALL TICKET AGENTS IN THE CITY! IF THEY HAVEN'T LEFT YET, WE MAY STILL TRAP THEM! YAWN!



TWO TICKETS FOR THE LOUISIANA LIMITED TO NEW ORLEANS!

YESSIR! TWO TICKETS!



KEEP THESE PICTURES IN FRONT OF YOU! IF THESE MEN TRY TO BUY TICKETS TO NEW ORLEANS, CALL A COP, BUT WATCH YOUR STEP! THEY'RE ARMED!

WELL I'LL BE! WHY THIS ONE WAS HERE JUST A MINUTE AGO!





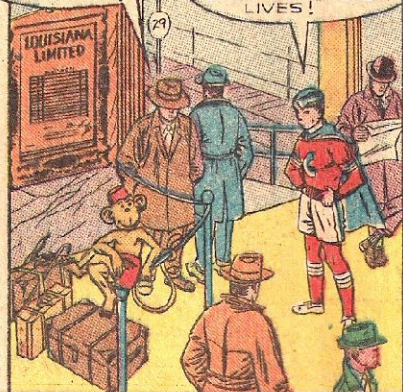
HE WAS?  
WHICH WAY  
DID HE GO?  
DO YOU SEE  
HIM NOW?  
LOOK HARD!

N-NO! HE'S  
DISAPPEARED!  
BUT IF IT'LL HELP,  
THE TICKETS WERE  
FOR THE LOUISIANA  
LIMITED, SEAT  
NUMBERS 21 AND 22  
IN CAR 107E!

WE'VE SPOTTED  
THEM, CRIMEBUSTER!  
THE TRAIN LEAVES  
IN TEN MINUTES!  
DO YOU WANT  
US TO PICK  
'EM UP NOW!

NO, NOT RIGHT NOW!  
LISTEN CAREFULLY,  
WE WON'T TRY TO  
CAPTURE THEM IN THE  
STATION! THERE MAY  
BE GUNFIRE AND WE  
CAN'T RISK INNOCENT  
LIVES!

IT'S ALL ARRANGED WITH  
THE RAILROAD OFFICIALS!  
ALL THE SEATS AROUND  
THEM WILL BE VACANT!  
SMITH AND ROGERS WILL  
TAKE THE SEATS IN FRONT  
OF THEM! BRANT AND  
HOLLY, THE SEATS BEHIND!  
AND YOU AND FLANNIGAN,  
THE SEATS ACROSS THE  
AISLE! WHEN THE TRAIN  
STARTS, WE CLOSE IN!



HERE WE ARE, 21 AND  
22! BOY, AM I GLAD  
TO GET ABOARD! I'VE  
BEEN IMAGINING COPS  
WERE TRAILING ME  
ALL DAY! IT'S GONNA  
BE GOOD TO RELAX!

I'LL RELAX  
WHEN WERE  
REALLY  
MOVING!

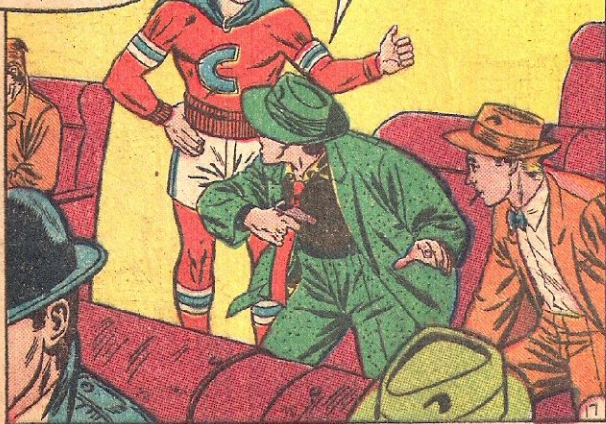


HEY! WHAT ARE  
WE STOPPING  
FOR?

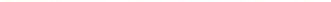
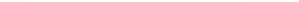
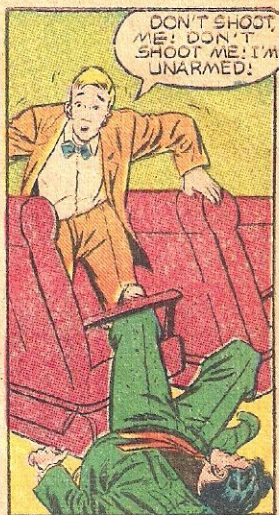
IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW,  
JOE, WE'RE STOPPING SO WE  
CAN TAKE YOU BACK TO FACE  
A MURDER CHARGE! DON'T  
REACH FOR YOUR GUN!  
YOU'RE SURROUNDED,  
SO COME QUIETLY!

AN' WHO'S  
GONNA MAKE  
ME?

AW, PROBABLY  
WAITING FOR  
A CLEAR TRACK-  
TAKE IT  
EASY!

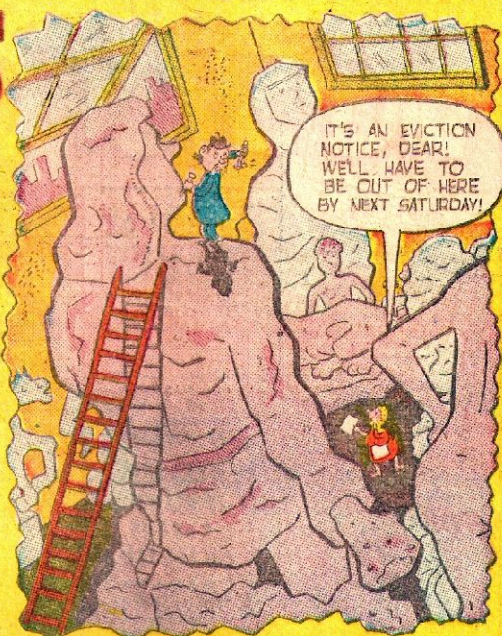
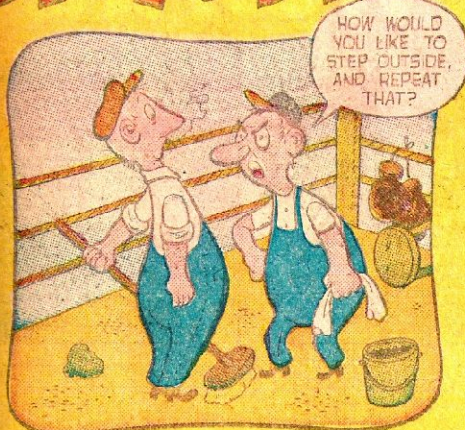




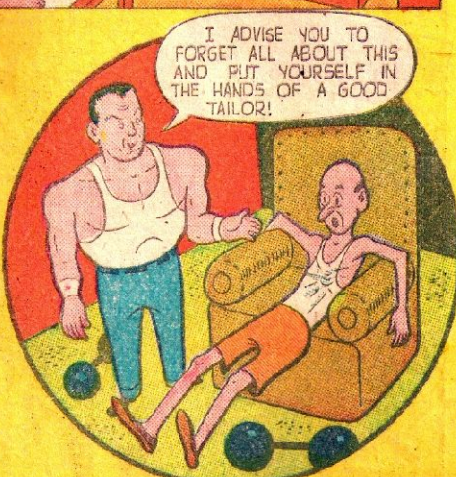
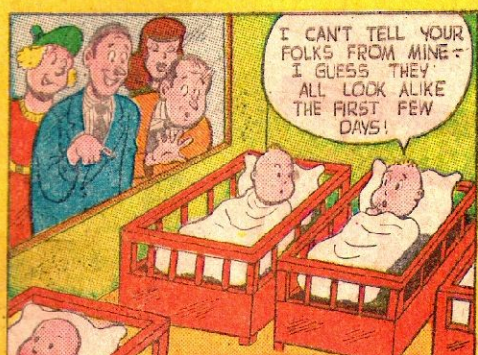
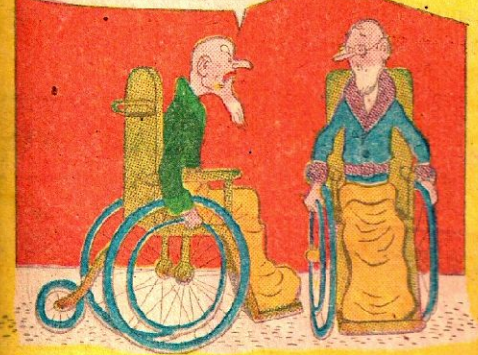




# SILLY DILLIES



IF YOU EVER CUT IN FRONT OF ME AGAIN, I'LL RAM RIGHT INTO YOU!





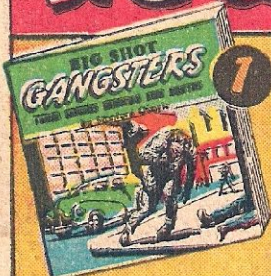
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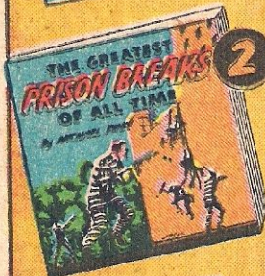


BRAND NEW!



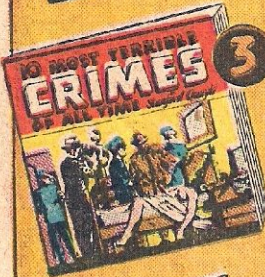
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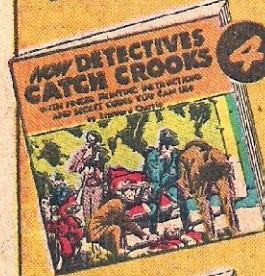
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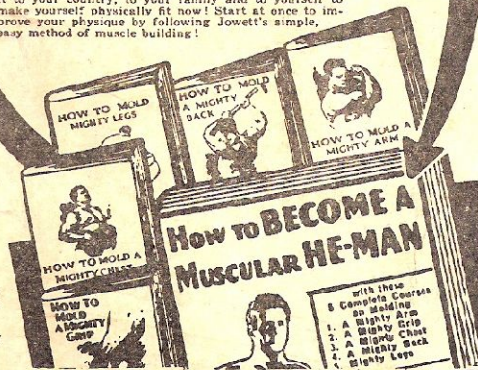


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